

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

SONNETS

A1111

OCCASIONAL POBMS



MISS ANNE MARPLES.

The death of Miss Anne Marples, of 12, Beech Hill Road, Sheffield, removes the last of three sisters

Hill Road, Sheffield, removes the last of three sisters who have given a good deal of their time and money in the cause of charity. When Miss Sarah Marples died at the beginning of this month, at the advanced age of 93 years, we announced that her sister, Miss Anne, who was little more than 12 months her jumps, was seriously ill. From that illness she did not recover, but gradually grew weaker, and died on Monday.

The Misses Marples for many years had given valuable help to Sheffield churches and to all the medical and other charitable institutions in the city. The work was done quietly, and without any estentation, the ladies invariably stipulating that the donors of the various gifts should remain unknown. They contributed largely to the church at Carbrook when it was arected, were generous supporters of the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastonal Aid Society, and took a practical interest in the work carried on at St. Philip's and other churches in the city.

MARPLES.—On June 14th, at 12. Beech Hill Road, Broomfield, Anne Marples, aged 92 years



BIG CHARITY BEQUESTS.

The Misses Marples' Splendid Gifts.

SHEFFIELD INSTITUTIONS BENEFIT.

Some manifests either to charley ten revealed to the ville of the late. Missio Sarah and Anno Marsha, IR. He is Hill Road, She Said. Miss Sarah Marpha, who was one of three enter failed in Shelland for their quote remarkly, deal an Aley Son had as the age of his.

The wills have been proved by Mr. George Johnson Marpher, of Thorobridge Hall, Salawell, and Mr. William Ements Raum, of Broom Hall, Shelland, whether, the same flow.

William Empanti Raum, of Broom Hall, Shellielle, solicitor, the execution.

The temperature include £1,000 to a course Georgic Darlies, and the following.

Mrs. Cutherine Anne Williams, and the following Harmony, Shellield.

£2,000 to Royal Hospital, Shellield.

£2,000 to Royal Hospital, Shellield.

£3,000 to Joseph Hospital for Woman, Shellield.

£1,000 to Brytish and Foreign Hilbs Shellield.

£1,000 to Brytish and Foreign Hilbs Shellield.

Specify.

11,000 to the Course Missionary Sheller.

21,000 to Charmy Paragral Aid Scolery.

12,000 to the Moravian Missions.

24,000 to the Arrive France Scolery is Sheller Course to the Charmy Indiana.

2500 to Dell' and United Association.

2500 to the Blind Institution, West Street Fig.

1300 to the Blind Institution, West Street Fig.

1300 to the Blind Institution, West Street Fig. £300 to the establish floor Working House

GENEROUS SHEFFIELD LADIES.

RIG CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

HIG CHARITARIA BEQUESTS.

The large hearted charity executed in such a quiet was for so many years by the late Misses Marpha, is further manifested by the terms of the soil of Mass Sarah Marpha, of 12 Basch Hill Read, 2h field, sher died on the 20th May best, at the age of 2h.

The sill has been proved by Mr. George Julison Marphes, of Thoushridge Hall, Balancell, and Mr. William Burnett Even, of Broom Hall, Sheffield, soliutor, the granulous of Broom Hall, Sheffield, soliutor, the granulous.

The property is calculated to £32,040-14a, 3d, gross, and £53,357, 0c, 3d, int.

The (ollowing bequests were provided for birthly by the rate of the Sheffield.)

22 fcc to Sayal Lafermary, Shelfield.
25 fcc to Hoyal Happital Stellfield.
12 fcc to Josep Hospital for Women, Shelfield.
12 fcc to Josep Hospital for Women, Shelfield.
15 fcc to Girls (Barity School in Shelfield.
15 fcc to British and Foreign Dible Security.
15 fcc to the Cabana and Continents Chareb.

Secrety,

51,000 to the Church Mesonary Scotty.

51,000 to the Church Particul dai Secrety.

51,000 to the Maraylan Missions.

54,000 to the Apol Forest Secrety o Shaffedd.

5300 to Dad and Danie Association.

5500 to Dad and Danie Association.

5500 to the Blast Institution, West Street, Shoffedd and

ald, and
£30 for the shelf-oil Boys Working Home.
Special begins a under Miss Strah Marphel's
solude £1,000 to a court George Douton and
oter, Mrs. Calborree Anne William. The residence of the court of the boundary of the court of the cour J. Marples and Prance, Marples.

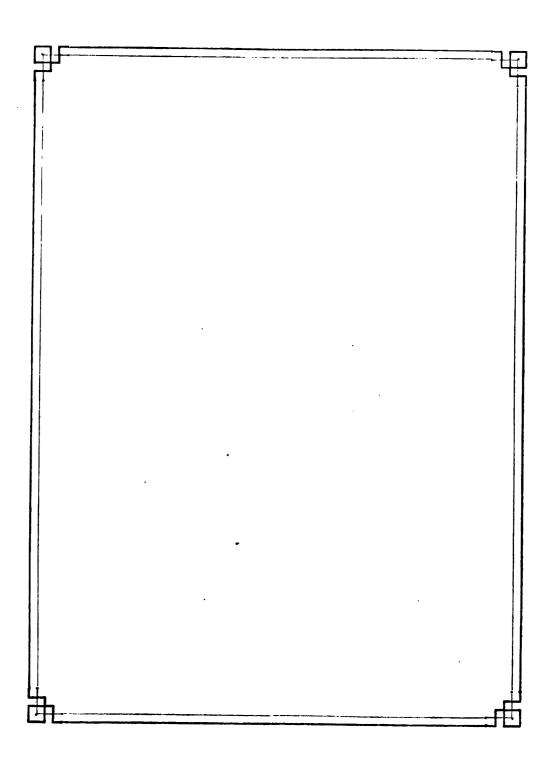
B.M.



14770 d.

133

SONNETS OCCASIONAL VERSES.



F

SONNETS

AND

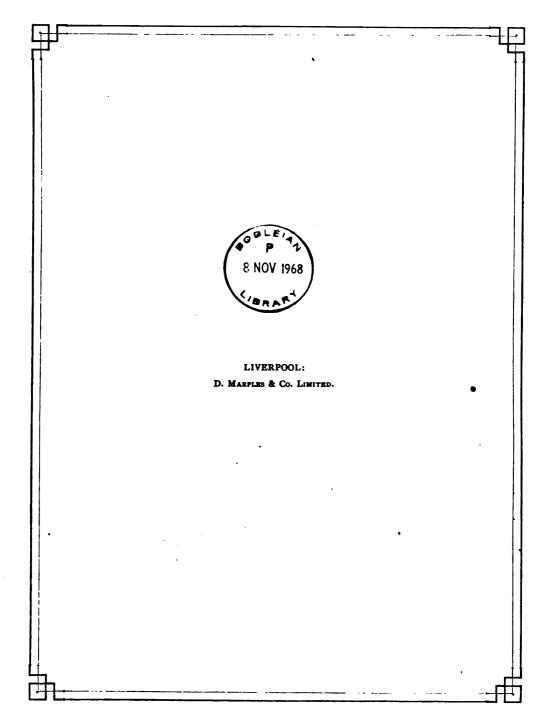
OCCASIONAL VERSES

BY

DAVID MARPLES

Printed for Private Circulation

LIVERPOOL, 1882

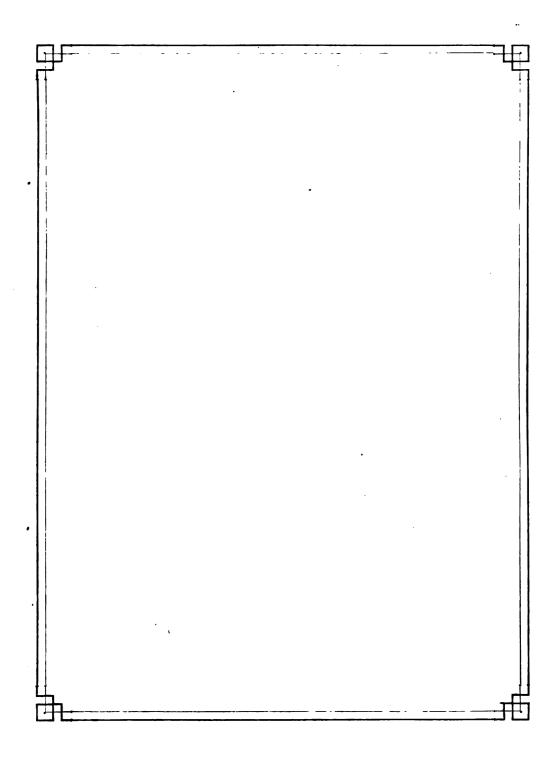


In Memoriam.

DAVID MARPLES.

BORN MAY 18TH, 1796.

DIED APRIL 2ND, 1881.



.

.

ė,

ļ

•

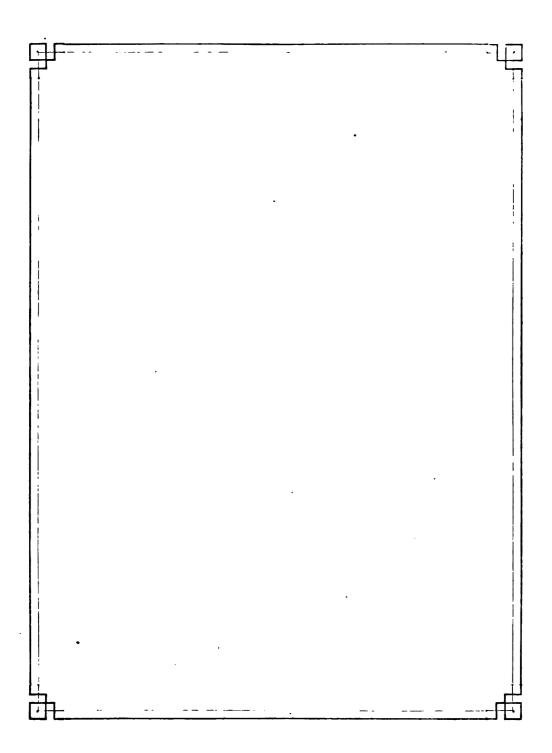
THE LATE MR. DAVID MARPLES.

Extracted from the "Liverpool Mercury," April 4th, 1881.

Another of the links which bind the present to the past has been severed. Our obituary contains an announcement of the death, at the patriarchal age of 84, of Mr. David Marples, probably the oldest tradesman in Liverpool, and one who was greatly respected by all classes in this the city of his adoption. He was born in the year 1796, at Baslow, a village on the borders of Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire, the princely seat of the Duke of Devonshire. After obtaining such education as the village school could afford, Mr. Marples went to Sheffield, where, after a few years' additional schooling, he was apprenticed to Mr. Todd, proprietor of the Sheffield Mercury, where he showed such ability as enabled him to take the responsible position of overseer two years before the completion of his apprenticeship. About the year 1820, in consequence of illhealth, Mr. Marples came to Liverpool. On his arrival in this city he took charge of a printing office in Circus Street, the property of Messrs. Hope, from whom he shortly afterwards bought the business, which he

carried on in connection with a shop in Paradise Street. When the south side of Lord Street was taken down and rebuilt after the street had been widened, Mr. Marples was the first tenant of the shop No. 50, at the back of which his printing office was built; and from 1826 to the present time he had there carried on a business which attained a fame extending throughout England. The last years of his business life were spent in the production of such works as the "Keramic Art of Japan," which has been described as the most beautiful book ever produced in England. The "Pictorial Relics of Ancient Liverpool" was another work of surpassing excellence. Mr. Marples was a staunch Liberal in politics. He was a member of the Nonconformist body, and worshipped for many years at Great George Street Chapel under the ministry of the late Dr. Raffles (for whose memory he cherished a deep affection), and afterwards that of the Rev. Dr. Enoch Mellor. He was the senior deacon of the chapel named, and took an active interest in all the church work, more especially in visiting the sick and afflicted among the poorer members of the congregation. On his removal to Oxton several years ago, he severed his connection with Great George Street Chapel and joined the one in Ball's Road, Oxton. He was secretary of the Religious Tract Society for many years, and joint and acting secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society for a long period, in the success of which, and in other kindred institutions, he took a great

interest to the last. Mr. Marples' interest in missionary effort was well known throughout his own and other churches, and he had the special privilege of numbering amongst his intimate friends many of those whose names are illustrious in the history of this field of labour. Amongst these were the Rev. J. Williams, who was murdered by the savages in the South Sea Islands; Rev. W. Knibb, of Jamaica; and the Rev. Dr. Moffat, who frequently stayed with Mr. Marples when in this neighbourhood, and after whom one of the sons of the deceased is named. Though not a writer in the usual acceptation of the term, Mr. Marples had a fluent pen, and those who have corresponded with him will remember the clearness with which he embodied his ideas and the point of the language in which he expressed them. He also wrote, on occasions of the birth, death, or marriage of any member of his family, short poems or sonnets, many of which are very graceful, while a feeling of deep religious sentiment pervades all that Mr. Marples was twice married, came from his pen. and survived his second wife, by whom he had a large family, about thirteen years. He leaves to his ten children and the numerous grandchildren and greatgrandchildren who mourn his loss an inheritance of which they may feel proud—the memory of a kind parent and a just and upright man.



SONNET.

HAT lovely tints the wild red Rose

Displays!—its loveliness its own.

And though unheeded oft it grows,

Its modest beauties all its own,

There are to whom its leaf of green,
Its seeds of gold, its chaste carmine,
Not less than Evening's spangled scene,
Bespeak its Maker all divine,
Whether its hue to Beauty's face
Creative wisdom may impart,
Or not; may golden seeds of grace
Surround and beautify the heart;
And Nature's lovely wild flowers rise
To Heaven, and bloom in Paradise.

1823.

LINES

Suggested by the desire of a Missionary's Wife to return to her home.

NTIGUA! my home and my birthplace,

Thou loveliest isle of the sea,

O when shall I cease from my wanderings,

And plant my fond footsteps on thee?

Thee, Britain, the proud and the envied,
I leave without shedding a tear,
For my own little spot on the ocean,
My kindred, my husband most dear.

Book of books! there thy truths, spirit stirring,

Have raised the oppressed from the dust,

And taught the oppressor this lesson,

He alone can be blessed who is just.

Soon, soon may the Bible's diffusion Produce the same fruits in the rest Of these islands, thy kindred and fellows, Where the African still is oppressed.

Happy day, long foretold in the Scripture,
O speedily dawn on the world;
When from East unto West, all victorious,
Jesus' banner shall aye be unfurled;

When through the Lord Christ's holy mountain
They neither shall hurt nor destroy;
But the groans of Creation be hushed in
The loud swelling anthem of joy.

February, 1838.



EXCELSIOR.

Another Version.



HE shades of night were fading fast,
Day dawned, and glorious visions passed
Before an aged Christian's eye,

Resigned, yet longing soon to die,

In Jesus.

His brow was wan, his labouring breath Told of the near approach of Death; Yet like the silver trumpet rang His voice, as still in death he sang Of Jesus.

In that dear home, where erst the light Of household joys beamed warm and bright, Departing glory lingering shone, Nor from his lips escaped a moan,

But "Jesus!"

- "Doubt not His grace," he meekly said;
- "As in the tempest overhead,
- "Even so in Jordan's swelling tide,
- "My Lord is with me; at my side

" Is Jesus."

"Oh stay!" Affection cried; "still rest
"Thy aching head upon this breast!"

The last tear glistened in his eye—

And then he answered, with a sigh,
"No! Jesus!"

"Beware the world's bewitching hour,
"The flesh, the tempter's subtle power!"
This was the dying saint's farewell—
His bliss, his raptures, who can tell?
With Jesus!

At break of day, as heavenward

Survivors gazed, an Angel guard

Uttered the loud exultant sound,

"He that was dead his life hath found

"In Jesus!"

The traveller unto Canaan bound,
At length the longed-for rest hath found;
He grasps his sword, his staff no more—
The race is won—the victory o'er—
Through Jesus.

There, in the twilight, placid lay

The beautiful, but lifeless clay;

Above the sky, in realms afar,

The soul shines forth a glorious star,

Near Jesus!

THE APPLICATION,

To my beloved young friend, MISS BURDEN, at Landau, Rheinpfalz.

Loved one! in sickness or in health, In pain or ease, in want or wealth, In youth, in age, at home, abroad, Be faithful to thy Lord, thy God,

Even Jesus!

Aspire to nobler heights than earth Can boast, or fleeting time give birth; The height of thy ambition be The Mount of Immortality,

With Jesus.

LIVERPOOL, November 8, 1857.



SONNET

Inscribed in the Bible I gave to my Son, James Orr, and his wife, Eliza Marples, on their marriage.



Holy Book! within thine ample marge Flows the life giving stream of heavenly truth, Thirsting for pure celestial love, here youth,

And manhood, and old age may drink large
And delicious draughts. The river this, whose streams
Make glad the city of our God, the dwelling-place
Of the Most High. Upon the scene around, light gleams
On passing showers; and then, with peerless grace,
The many-tinted bow of promise lifts the soul
To heaven, as looks the racer to the goal;
A holy quietude the heart beguiles
Of transient sorrows; tears give place to smiles;

And the rapt soul, weaned from earth's gauds and toys,
Draws from the Book Divine its purest, holiest joys!

LIVERPOOL, June, 28, 1855.

SONNET,

On completing my Sixtieth year.

Y God! through threescore years of chequered life

Yet like a thrice told tale, an evening gone,
Those years now seem! To grapple with their strife,
Their toils, their cares, I looked to Thee for strength,
And though by sore afflictions ofttimes tried,
Thou each returning want hast well supplied.
And if my days, prolonged, may reach at length
Life's utmost limit, threescore years and ten,
Or fourscore years, O be it mine to trust
Thy faithfulness and truth, and find thee just,
Even to the grave's dread solitude. And then,
When the last trump shall rouse my slumbering clay,
These tearless eyes shall see, through grace divine,
heaven's cloudless day!

May 18, 1856.

ACROSTIC LINES,

Written, at the request of my friend Mrs. Poston, in the Album of the Misses Ashton, of Hyde, near Dukinfield.



S smiles the day-star in the glowing West,

A bsorbed in brighter radiance than its own,
So sinks the Christian to his heavenly rest,

Surrounded by effulgence from the throne—
Heaven's sapphire throne! Thence God's incarnate Word
Her light diffuses: "the bright morning beam"—
The "Sun of Righteousness"—creation's Lord,
The light of Heaven on all His saints shall gleam!
O night of death, however long thy reign
Or deep thy gloom, eternal day shall dawn!
Nor shall the powers of Earth, nor hellish train,
Nor death, nor grave prevent that glorious morn.

Dear Reader, is the Christian's portion thine?

Does God's own inward witness tell thee this?

May nothing rob thee of the gift divine!

May all thy wealth, or gifts, or powers be used as His.

LIVERPOOL, May, 31, 1853.

SONNET.

"I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right; and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Psalm cxix. 75.

know, O Lord,"—'tis no presumptuous thought

That flits across the sorrowing Monarch's soul;

Beyond the reach of Doubt's or Fear's control,

- "Israel's sweet singer" was Divinely taught,—
- "I know, O Lord, Thy judgments all are right,"
 Right in themselves, their origin, their end;
- "In faithfulness" thou call'st me to the fight Of sore affliction, and dost trials send.

Faithful alike to thy beloved Son,

Thyself, thy saints, O let me daily prove

By blest experience of thy covenant love,

Heaven's holiest raptures upon earth begun.

Life's bitterest cup then to my lips I'll raise,

Thankful that thus I may shew forth thy worthy praise.

SONNET.



RAVES of my Sires! with reverential love
I tread your hallowed precincts. Here repose
Your earthly tabernacles; but in heaven above,

After life's turmoil, trials, cares and woes,
Your disembodied spirits stand confessed
Part of the countless myriads of the blest.
Safe in the arms of Everlasting Love,
Christ's power to ransom and refine ye prove.
Mother! too early lost*: beloved Sire!
And she who gave thee birth, and unto me
A mother's place supplied, and sought to inspire
My infant heart, O God, with love of thee;'
Dear to my thoughts ye shall for ever prove,
Till, cleansed by blood Divine, I share your heavenly joys above.

Baslow, July 16, 1855.

* She died when I was little more than three years old. I distinctly remember her funeral.—D. M.

TO MRS. HOWE,

Suggested by the melancholy death of her two Sons, while skating, February 13, 1861.



OND Mother, weep! tears are a sweet relief

To the swoln heart, which else might burst

with grief;

And some who most have felt His chastening rod, Have found them as a healing balm from God.

Nor deem them sinful. He who, when on earth, Wept by the grave of friendship and of worth, Hallowed the fount from whence they freely flow, To soothe the sorrowing in this world of woe.

Again the grave has closed o'er precious dust,
To slumber till the resurrection of the just.
Yet hear God's loving accents, "Peace! be still!"
And bow with meek complacence to His will.

Thy widowed heart this stroke may long deplore, Yet are thy sons "not lost, but gone before"— To higher culture, and more blest employ, In the bright world of bliss without alloy.

Weep, then! but with a calm and truthful mind, To all thy heavenly Father's will resigned; That will is love, e'en when He makes us feel Those poignant woes which only He can heal.

LIVERPOOL, February 18, 1861.



SONNET

Inscribed in the Bible presented to my Son Samuel Saunders and his wife Jane Marples, on their marriage,

May 19, 1858.

To Patriarchs by holy seers made known,
But in these last days spoken by thy Son,
Author and heir of all things! O what praise,
Ardent, intense, becomes so great a boon!
My son, my daughter, make The Book your guide,
Your counsellor, your friend: at morn, at noon,
And when the day declines, whate'er betide;
Dare not its friendly warnings to despise,
But let its statutes be your constant song,
So its great Author shall your days prolong,
And fit you for those mansions in the skies,
Where souls redeemed their grateful strains combine,
To Jesus, the Incarnate Word, fountain of light divine!

LINES

Written in the Album of my Sister-in-law, Mrs. Davies, of Ruabon, but after her death.



Grave! inexorable grave! the narrow dwelling, Where all the living must at length repose; The door through which, His glorious conquests

swelling, .

E'en Christ our Saviour to His Father rose;—

Why should we tremulously stand beside thee,
Why dread to trust our loved ones to thy care,
When God, our God, himself hath not denied thee
His Son, his only Son, our brother there?

O if thy reign were as thy conquests endless,—
If "dust to dust" were all, and no reprieve;—
If to the lorn, the way-worn, and the friendless
Rest were the only blessing thou couldst give;—

Then might we shrink from parting, and deny thee
The gloomy wardship of our sleeping dust.
But 'tis not so! They who say thus belie thee,
Thy guests thou holdest but in solemn trust,

Till He who rose upon the day appointed

The poignant travail of His soul shall see;
And of His followers "the Lord's anointed"

"The resurrection and the life" shall be.

Then dry thy tears, bereaved and sorrowing spirit,
To thy departed dear ones thou mayst rise;
Their glorious life with God thou mayst inherit,
And ever share their beatific joys.

— Be but their God thy God, their boast thy glory, Their Saviour's life thy pattern, pride, and trust; His death thy life; thy song redemption's story, Thou too shalt have thy portion with the just.

Nor Thou alone, but all who sleep in Jesus
God will bring with him, when, the second time
He comes and from the grave's dread thraldom frees us,
And elevates our souls to heights sublime.

LINES

Written in the Album of Marianne R. Burden.

IS sweet at early morn to rise,

And woo the balmy breath of Spring;

To see the opening buds, the flowers,

The fields, the hedgerows blossoming.

'Tis sweet to feel the Summer's heat,
That ripens all the fruits around;
And fills with joy the grateful heart
Of him who tilled and sowed the ground.

'Tis sweet to walk in Autumn forth,
And gaze on fields of golden grain;
The fruits of earth in all their prime,
To recompense the reaper train.

'Tis sweet to know that Winter's cold,—
Its biting blast, its frost, its snow,—
Fulfils a purpose worthy Him,
Who speaks, and frozen waters flow.

'Tis sweet to glance the eye of faith
Upwards beyond earth's narrow bounds,
To the great God, whose bounty gives
The seasons in their ceaseless rounds.

'Tis sweet to feel that, come what may,— Sickness or health, or weal or woe,— His arm sustains us under all, Because His love would have it so.

But O 'tis sweeter far than all,
In His rich gifts His love to trace;
To know that even the shaft of death
Does but complete His work of grace.

April 19, 1862.



LINES

Written in the Album of Miss Meline André, on the eve of her return to her native land.



ETURN, Meline, to Germany,

Thy own dear Fatherland;

To loved Landau, thy future home,

With all her kindred band,

To many a well-remembered spot

Thy youthful steps have trod,

To social circles highly prized,

And to the house of God:

And there, upon thy bended knee,

As He shall grace impart,

Acknowledge His good providence

With overflowing heart.

Calm and serene may be thy life,
From sin and sorrow free;
Its battle fought with strength Divine,
Daily vouchsafed to thee.

And when in future days thou shalt
Thy visit here review,
May England's pleasant memories
Refresh thy soul anew.

Tell of her breezy uplands, Her hills, and dells, and dales; The quiet streams and streamlets, That lave her fertile vales. Tell of the modest flowers that fringe And stud her pastures fair; With all their beauteous hedgerows, And balmy, fragrant air. Tell of her noble rivers,— Her Mersey and her Thames, Her Tyne, her Wear, her Humber, Her Severn,—honoured names. Tell of her merchant princes, Of her ships from every strand, Of her vast and world-wide commerce, Of her sons in every land. Tell of the busy throngs that tread Her town and city streets;

Of her crowded marts of merchandise, Where every country meets. Tell of her glorious Empire, On which ne'er sets the sun; And of her weeping widowed Queen, In her palaces alone. Tell of her glorious sacred fanes, Majestic and sublime; Of mitred abbots, lordly monks, "All in the olden time." Tell of her ancient castles, once Strongholds of lawless power, Rapine, and cruelty, and wrong Too oft the peasant's dower. "For ever!" they who reared them wrote On buttress, arch, and wall; Time scorns the boast, and, ruthless, drives His ploughshare through them all. Tell of her Godlike charities, Her hospitals and schools; Where want and woe find willing help, And Mercy ever rules. Tell of her peaceful Sabbath days;

Her open Bible, brought

Within the means of all; her schools,
Where her humble poor are taught;
Of the sweet ambassage of love,
From Heaven's King of kings,—
That "true and faithful saying,"
Which peace and pardon brings.

Tell of the dear and fondly loved,
Who gave to thee a shrine
Within their heart of hearts, and give
To each a place in thine.

Tell of the deep and fervent love
With which one honoured name
Is cherished still, though years have passed
Since Death advanced his claim,
And took her from the stranger's land,
And set her spirit free,
To realise the bliss of heaven,
With God eternally.
And should thy wandering feet be led
Where her loved ashes lie,
Sing thou beside her peaceful grave
The song of victory.

For she had fought the Christian's fight
O'er self the victory won;
And wears in heaven the crown bestowed
By God's beloved Son.

And if, at some not distant day,

Memory recall my name,—

By years bowed down, with palsied limb,

And feeble, tottering frame,—

Then breathe one humble fervent prayer

That "hoary hairs" may prove

"A crown of glory," till our God

Receive me to His love.

April 21, 1862.



Suggested by the death of Elizabeth Anne Burden: some of whose last words were, "I am in the Lord's hands."



ELIGHTFUL thought! that in the waning hour

Of thy brief course with none but strangers round,

Faith in thy ever-present Lord was found
A strengthening grace, an all-sustaining power!
What, if not one best loved, and loving best, were near,
Around thy bed of languishing to bend,—
Nor Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Friend,—
To lave thy fevered brow, to dry the tear
Pressed from its fount by thoughts thou couldst not tell,
To soothe thy spirit, ease thy labouring breath,
Or wipe away the falling dews of death,—
Thy Lord was there! thy every fear to quell,
To fill with heavenly peace thy heaving breast,
And with a gentle sigh dismiss thy spirit to its rest!

LIVERPOOL, November 11, 1858.

In Affectionate Remembrance of Edith Emily, daughter of James Orr and Eliza Marples, of Queen's Terrace,

Egremont, who departed this life February 25, 1860,

aged two years.

On the previous Lord's Day the dear child had a severe fall, but symptoms of danger did not appear until Wednesday, when medical aid was sought, and with such pleasing results that on Friday she seemed quite well. When her parents retired to rest, she awoke, and, apparently in glad surprise, said, "O Mamma!" put her arms round her neck, and kissed her. She slept again, and in the afternoon of Saturday slept the sleep of death. This incident suggested the following

LINES.

MAMMA!" cried the awakened child; Clasping her tiny arms around Her mother's neck, she fondly smiled,

As if a long-lost friend were found.

For a few hours, uneasy sleep

Had hid that mother from her sight;

Yet a few hours of slumber deep,

Those infant orbs shall see the light

Of that bright world where Jesus lives,

And all his "little ones" receives.

Long as fond Memory shall endure,
"O Mamma!" will that mother hear,
In all its strength of love so pure,
In all its tone of trust so clear.
And be it heard! Not, as on earth,
A dying infant's tender cry,
But as a sound of heavenly birth,
Inviting mourning souls on high,
Where to the risen saint 't is given
To taste the rapturous bliss of heaven.

- "O Mamma!" List! 'I cannot hence
 - 'Return, e'en to a mother's love,
- 'Nor leave this bright inheritance,
 - 'Her watchful tenderness to prove.
- 'But come to me, "O Mamma," dear!
 - 'And share the bliss 't is mine to prove;
- 'On earth live thou to God, then here
 - 'Thou too shalt taste the Father's love;
- 'And, to His dealings reconciled,
- 'Shalt bless the hand that took thy child!'

LIVERPOOL, March 1, 1860.

TO OUR THIRD DAUGHTER.

(My Son Josiah's third daughter was born to-day.)



ELCOME, little stranger,

To a life of care;

Sin, alas! and sorrow,

Here thy portion are: But there's One above thee Will not cease to love thee.

Welcome, little daughter,
Though we wished a boy,
We will love thee dearly,
Thou shalt be our joy;
To our God we'll give thee,
And He will receive thee.

Thou shalt learn the story
Of redeeming love;
How the blessed Jesus
Left His throne above,

Lived a life of sorrow, Morrow after morrow.

How He loved the lost ones,
Dying them to save;
And in awful darkness
His life a ransom gave;
By His passion gory
To secure them glory.

Then, dear stranger, welcome
To a life of care,
For joyous expectations
Mingled with it are;
And there 's One above thee
Will for ever love thee!

LIVERPOOL, May 2, 1862.



In Loving Memory of Marianne Roberts Burden, who, after a few days' illness, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, April 5, 1870.

"The frail And languid body faintly sighed for rest. No cares, but love-inspired ones, ever pressed Her spirit to the dust. No saddening tale, Of wasting labour to supply returning need, Was hers. Of work in her loved Master's name, For others' spiritual good, she has the meed; And the sweet rest she sighed and longed for came! Yet not in some sequestered scene of rural life, Where foot of even fond and anxious friend Might not intrude, its loving help to lend! Beyond the reach of this world's din and strife. Earth has no spot like this. Heaven heard the sigh, And called the dear one to her glorious rest on high!

LIVERPOOL, April 8, 1870.

On leaving Lockbie, addressed to the Rev. Edward and Mrs. Leighton.



AREWELL, dear fellow Pilgrims on life's way—
The sadly chequered path which leads to bliss!

Oh who that lives in hope of endless day,

Would linger 'mid the storms and clouds of this?

Yet Earth has joys! And, looking back upon

Its ever-varying scenes, ye fondly trace

Goodness and mercy sweetening every one.

These pleasant memories nothing can efface!

Your times are in His hand, who best can tell

The discipline that will from dross refine;

Whose love each doubt will hush, each fear dispel,

Till as bright jewels in His crown ye shine,

If not on earth, dear friends, we meet again,

In heaven at length we shall; farewell till then!

April 23, 1870.

[Written in Mrs. Leighton's Album, at her request.]

SONNETS.

On occasion of the Marriage of Anne Mary Burden with Robert M. Marples, and of Emily Burden with Wilfred A. Bowser, at Worcester, May 11, 1870.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.



WELCOME Guest at Cana's festal board,
Where Thou didst first put forth Thy power
Divine,

And limpid water change to "the best wine;"—
In love and fear of whom, my Lord adored,
My children have been trained;—vouchsafe Thy smile
On those who now exchange their maiden life
For household cares, ofttimes with sorrow rife—
From flesh or sin, the world's or tempter's wile.
My prayers Thou answerdst, when their youthful hearts,
Loving and pure, they gave to Thee in truth.
Saviour! be with them ever, as in youth,
So when the roseate hue of health departs;
And when the solemn hour of death draws nigh,
Sweetly assure them of a happier home on high.

A MOTHER'S CHARGE.

Go forth, my daughters, to the fray of life,

Strong in the strength of Him whose care ye are;
Be each to her fond lord a loving wife,

Waging with pride and self a holy war.

And should dread sorrows come, He who hath been

My stay, in sleepless nights or weary days

Will be with you, to guide, support, or screen.

As fragrant incense, let the song of praise

Rise daily from your hearts and homes; and pray

In loving filial trust. Each power put forth

In works of faith and love; and O display

"A meek and quiet spirit"—pearl of priceless worth!

Then be your earthly sojourn brief or long,

Its joyous close will be—Heaven's never-ceasing song.

LIVERPOOL.



Suggested by the death of the Infant Son of Edward and Emily Pritchard, June 19, 1870.



GOD, whose love, pure, free, immutable, Embodied in the gift of Christ the Lord, "The man of sorrows"—"the incarnate

Word,--"

Fain would we bow to Thy behest, inscrutable,
Which shades our humble home in deathlike gloom.
Since Thou hast willed to take our infant son,
From Earth's poor comforts to his Heavenly home,
With Jesus would we say, "Thy will be done!"
And while in the frail creature of our love we see
An emblem of our own mortality,
O Father, say to our poor bleeding hearts, "Be still!"
And help us truthfully to do Thy will;
Draw our afflicted souls, by faith to Thee,
Exhaustless fountain of unstained felicity.

On the Marriage of Margaret Anne Marples to Edward Leighton.

HIS Life 's a Dream!" Alas, 't is even such! Yet Dreams, like Flowers, are bright and blissful things,

Wafting the soul, as 't were on eagle's wings,
From earth to heaven; transmuting Sorrow's touch
To holy joy, its pain to balm; Flowers that remain
Which erst in Eden bloomed. The serpent's trail
Has dimmed their pristine hues; yet, fair as frail,
The heart they cheer, the drooping faith sustain.
Brightest, best, ever-during Love, we still have thee!
While Fancy, Taste, ennobling Thought combine,
To nerve the purpose and the soul refine.
True pledge to loving hearts of Heaven's felicity,
Children beloved! O, be it yours to prove
The truth, the strength, the tenderness of Wedded Love!

September I, 1870.

LINES

Written in Mrs. Leonard Simpson's Album.

A BENEDICTION.

HE Saviour's grace, the Father's love,
The Holy Spirit's power to move
The heart, be with you ever!

The deeds of humble faith and love,
The indwelling of God's power which prove,
From you be absent never!

BIRKENHEAD, September 21, 1870.

RESIGNATION.

ARK and mysterious are the ways of God,

To us, short-sighed creatures of a day;
But not to Him. All who this earth have trod,
Pilgrims and strangers on their weary way,
To Canaan's brighter land, the promised rest,
Shall justify the ways of God to man,
And, with the fulness of His presence blest,
Admire, adore, and laud His wondrous plan.

The doting mother, from her children taken,
While yet requiring all a mother's care,
Shall find them never by her Lord forsaken,
But where their lot is cast, He will be there,
While she, not disregardful of their helpless state,
Will watch, a guardian angel, o'er their ways;
Will mark them when on Him in prayer they wait,
And list with rapture to their song of praise.

The sorrowing husband, too, whose bleeding heart
Longs for the solace of the voice he loved,
Patient, must kiss the rod, must bear the smart,
Thankful if thus his love for her be proved.
To him indeed she never can return,
But for him in their children yet she lives,
O be it his, with humble hope, to learn
The holy calm which Resignation gives.



In Affectionate Remembrance of Lillian, Daughter of Samuel S. and Jane Marples, born in Brooklyn,

New York, February 14, 1871, died at

Willan Terrace, Oxton, July 17,

1871.



EAR Babe, how brief thy span of mortal life! We mourn thine early death, yet would rejoice,

And from thy tiny grave would hear the voice Of Heavenly Love: 'Earth's ceaseless noise and strife She hath escaped; Heaven's holy rest is won;

"The cup of life just to her lips she pressed,

"Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest!"'

Father! may we, when our life's work is done,

Repose as peacefully; our trust as sure, As is our confidence that she, made pure

By precious, all-atoning blood, with Christ is one,

The Casket to its kindred dust gone down,

The Gem for ever in Christ's mediatorial crown!

LIVERPOOL, July 27, 1871.

In Loving Remembrance of Edward, infant Son of Edward and Margaret Anne Leighton, born November 29th,

Died December 14th, 1871.



THOU, our God, by whose behest a sparrow Falls not unheeded to the ground, and all Man's days are numbered, at thy feet we fall!

Our Babe Thou hast translated from the narrow
Bounds of this Earth, to Heaven's expanded scene!

Oh! if, in moments of parental anguish,
Our loss we mourn, and yearn that it had been

Thy will to spare, let not faith droop or languish,
But help us lovingly to say, Thy will be done.
Safe in the Saviour's arms, our darling Boy!
Without the race, or fight, the guerdon won!
Heir of immortal bliss without alloy!
In meekness be it ours to "hear the rod,
And Him who hath appointed it," our gracious God.

II, ALMA ROAD,

CANONBURY, December 16, 1871.

To the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., Missionary to South Africa.



OFFAT, thy lengthened life, its great emprise, Whose modesty, pure faith, and courage blend,

Its godlike aim, its high ennobling end,
With all that Heaven-taught prescience can devise
To train barbaric tribes, to win their trust,
To quell in ruthless hearts unholy strife,
And train them to a purer, truer life,—
These, when thy wearied frame shall rest in dust,
A loving and admiring Church will not forget!
And then—a written tongue! thy priceless gift,
And in it God's own truth! whose power can lift
Degraded man from nature's mine, and set
The soul, renewed and blessed, a brilliant gem,
In the Redeemer's mediatorial diadem!

1873.

SONNETS,

On occasion of the Marriage of Janet Mary Craven to William Marples, at the Congregational Church,
Oxton Road, Birkenhead, January 22,
1873.

With strong but pure desire his nature yearns. For sweet companionship, and daily burns. For the true bliss that erst on Eden shone!

The man of loving heart, of tastes refined,

Of social nature and unselfish soul,

Longs for a kindred spirit—one inclined

To homely duties and pursuits; the goal

Of whose ambition is, a love to find

Worthy her own. Dear daughter, hast thou gained,

In the loved partner of thy life, a mind

Congenial with thy own? This joy attained,

Be it the aim of each God's gift to improve,

By ceaseless ministries of an undying love!



PRUDENT wife is [doubtless] from the Lord;"
To man, God's first, best, brightest, richest boon.

If this be His last gift to thee, my son,
Be but the Giver, not the gift, adored,
And thou shalt find in it the foretaste sweet
Of true connubial bliss. Good shall she be,
Through all the days she may be spared to thee;
In joy or grief, in weal or want, a helper meet.
Prized above gems or gold, thy trusting heart
Shall find in her responsive love repose;
And every passing day shall but disclose
New joys, new pleasures. Nor shall these depart
Your happy life on earth, till both shall be
Matured for happier, fuller life—for true felicity.



To the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., Missionary, on his 78th Birthday, December 21, 1873.

Recorded are thy purposes, thy duties done,
The unexpected honours thou hast won,
Thy hopes, thy fears. Thy term of life extended,
Still is it thine the moral waste to till,
In soil prepared the precious seed to sow,
Beside all streams the living bread to throw,
And thus Heaven's highest purpose to fulfil.
That precious seed, that living bread shall prove
Its heavenly origin, its purpose great,
To raise our race to an immortal state,
The immediate presence of the God of love.
May many happy, fruitful years expire,
Ere the command thou hear, "Good Servant, come up higher."

BIRKENHEAD.

To the bereaved Parents of Henry Norman Jackson, of Wrexham, who died April 1, 1874, aged Six years.

OND Parents, weep not for your darling Son;
He is not lost to you, but gone before,
To the bright world above, where evermore

The powers expand and ripen, and where none
Of earth's entanglements are found. And One
Is there, who purchased life, and light, and joy,
Without or diminution or alloy,

By His great work of mediation done;

To contemplate whose boundless love to man;

The zeal ineffable which brought Him down

To earth, lost man with endless bliss to crown,

Were sweet employ, more soul-sufficing than

All earthly gifts; while Love Divine will be

His theme, and rapturous song, throughout eternity.

Birkenhead, April 10, 1874.

HYMN

Sung at the Baptism of Lilian Frances Marples, by the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., May 22, 1874.



HEAVENLY Father, whose we are,
By covenant, as by grace,
Our fleeting lives Thy charge, our hearts

We trust Thy dwelling-place;
To Thee our infant we commit,
And ask Thy tender care;
If spared to us, to do Thy will
Her opening powers prepare.

Incarnate Son, who when on earth
Didst little children bless,
Enfold them in Thy loving arms,
And to Thy bosom press;
Shield Thou our little one from harm,
And give us needed grace
To train her ripening life for heaven,
Her final dwelling-place.

Spirit divine, the Comforter,
Whose gracious work it is
To sanctify and fit the soul
For everlasting bliss;
By Thee be our loved daughter's mind
In heavenly wisdom taught,
And her heart's best affections be
With holy influence fraught.

Triune Jehovah! God of grace,
Whose love is still the same
As when Thy pitying eyes beheld
Our misery and shame,
And sent the needed help; may we,
And all we love be Thine,
Heirs of a heavenly heritage,
Unspeakable, divine.



To Mrs. Bulley, on the Marriage of two of her daughters, July 30, 1874.



NE and another of thy daughters goes,

From holy culture and unceasing care,

From bright example, and with yearning

prayer,

In a new circle daily to disclose

The precious fruits of wise maternal love,

Each to her loving lord a helper meet,

To wile away his cares with converse sweet,

Ever intent, by guileless art, to prove

The depth of her own trust. O may kind heaven

Avert the ills to which the flesh is heir,

Or, by their fret, and moil, and pain, prepare

The soul for a diviner life, God given,

In that bright world where souls redeemed shall share

The bliss of loved departed ones, already there.

On occasion of the Marriage of Alice Orr Marples to Henry Lenton, at Wallasey Church, Cheshire, October 1, 1874.

ME, the exhaustless fount of purest love!—
And in your prompt obedience ye shall prove
My depth of love! This joyous day departs;
And Life, alas! will not be found all gladness,
Bright skies above, and beauteous landscapes round;
Dark days may come; and hours of pain and sadness,
Mayhap of fiery trial, may abound.
Well! If in chequered scenes of light and gloom,
Of pain or ease, you make My Word your guide;
If loving, grateful trust in ME abide
In your fond hearts; then joys untold shall come;
And in Life's close your happy state shall be
A cheering presage of a blest Eternity!

Addressed to the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., on his 80th Birthday, December 21, 1875.



EAR Friend, I greet thee on thy natal day!

Not "threescore years and ten," but "fourscore years,"

Are thine; whilst Love Divine dries sorrow's tears,
And lightens all the "labour" of thy way.

Like some fair tree thou standst, whose bloom of Spring,
And mellow products which its Summer crowned,
And Autumn's full ripe luscious fruit abound,
Whilst heart and head but show Time's mellowing.

Nor will thou deem thy life's great work complete,
Until, the Sacred Record given, the key
Of human love, in their own tongue, shall be
To Afric's tribes thy crowning offering meet,
And then shall unborn millions bless the day,
When to their arid plains thou spedst thy loving way!

BIRKENHEAD, December 20, 1875.

On completing my Eightieth year.



Y God, my Father, and my father's God!

Father and friend of all who love Thy name!

Foster and brighten in my heart the flame

Of holy gratitude, that I have trod

For fourscore years this vale of mortal life,

Upheld and strengthened, comforted and blest

By Thee! Now, when my loved and longed-for rest

Looms in no distant future; and the strife

And turmoil of the world recede; its joys,

Its griefs, its hopes, as fleeting shadows gone;

May I but hear the Master say, "Well done!"

Then shall I close in death my tearless eyes;

And, in my latest hour, Thy presence given

Shall prelude be, and foretaste, of the bliss of heaven.

BIRKENHEAD, May 18, 1876.

Suggested by the Funeral, in the Necropolis, Liverpool, of my old and valued friend, Mr. Daniel James,

December 1, 1876.

The hosts of precious ones thy graves contain
But there repose, until the trumpet-strain
Of the Archangel rouse them from their bed—
The dead in Christ one with their dying Head!
Oft as we hear the sentence, "Dust to dust,"
May it be ours, in simple, child-like trust,
To yield our loved ones to the tomb, nor dread
The issue. Father, mother, husband, wife or child,
Whose life we cherished, and whose death we mourn,
Are not. But if our faith with clearness burn,
Our hearts to all God's dealings reconciled,
We then shall hail the day when Christ shall come,
And bid us share with them our Heavenly Father's home.

In Loving Remembrance of Edward Morris, of Ruabon, Born February 1st, 1806. Died December 5th, 1876.



ROTHER beloved, thy pilgrimage is ended,
Christ's living transcript, thou hast long been
read

And known, and young and old have profited. What vast, what boundless issues are suspended Upon a life like thine! A loving heart,

A conscience clean, a motive Christ-like, pure,
A blameless life, a faith that could endure,
When called in public work to bear a part—
These were no common gifts, but thine they were!
On one thy bright example had its power;
But, though the Church was trusting, when the hour
Of thy departure came, he would be there,
Thy post to fill, He died! On each, on all,

Her sorrowing Members, may their spirit fall!

LIVERPOOL.

Addressed to Dr. Robert Moffat, on his Bighty-first Birthday, December 21, 1876.

AN is immortal till his work is done!"
Such is the adage. Is the statement true?
And have we all some special work to do?
And is life sacred till that work is done,
And the behest of the great Master won—
"Well done, thou faithful one?" Then, friend beloved,
Thou yet hast work to do; and He who proved
Thy stay and help in days already gone
Will give thee strength for others yet to come!
"In labours oft," another year has passed,
And thou art here. And be the next thy last,
Or yet another, ere thou reach thy home,
How few will doubt, when thou to rest art gone,
"Man is immortal till his work is done."

Written in my Granddaughter's Album.



EAR MAUD, you ask a scribble from my pen.

What shall it be—a carol, terse and neat,

Or a love-ditty, prolix, gushing, sweet?

Such trolls are not my forte. Say you, What then?

A Homily may best comport with age—

The sober teachings of an active life—

Its joys and griefs, its turmoil and its strife.

By the long period of my pilgrimage

This is the lesson taught: Live not to self!

But live to Him whose constant care you need,

Then shall you find His smile a boon indeed,

Worth more than all earth's fame, or pomp, or pelf.

Love in your heart, Love's accents on your tongue,

Joy shall be yours on earth, and Heaven's repose ere long.

April 4, 1877.

In Affectionate Remembrance of Ernest, fourth Son of Frederick and Mary Barnes, of Grange Lane,

Birkenhead,

Born April 29th, 1871. Died June 8th, 1878.



FATHER, Saviour, Teacher, tender friend, Whose chastenings ever spring from purest love, And every trial sent but love to prove,

In this sad hour of grief Thy grace extend.

Each day, each night, with keener anguish fraught,

We watched the look of pain, the heaving breast,

The sleepless, tearless eye, the sad unrest

The failure of each palliative sought.

And when we saw stern Death's uplifted dart,

We hailed the opiate which brought relief,

—Its soothing influence, alas, how brief,—

Calming the pulses of the throbbing heart!

Teach us to Thy behest, O gracious God,

Meekly, with bleeding hearts, to bow, and kiss the rod.

Suggested by the Death of Alfred Irvine Roberts, eldest Son of Thomas and Eliza Mary Roberts, who died June 12th, 1878, aged 14 years.

How many budding hopes to take thy part
In Life's stern battle, in the healing art,
Have found their issue in thy early grave!
First given, first taken, be it ours to say,
Of all our loved ones left, "God's will be done!"
To Him we trust our darling Son has gone,
By grace divine, to bask in endless day.
Prone to confine our thoughts to things of time,
Where human passions ever clash and jar,
Now we have interests higher, holier far,
Where all is harmony and peace sublime.
Be it our care supreme, in years to come,
To train our offspring for their Heavenly Home.

GLENARVON, LORNE ROAD.

In Loving Remembrance of Eliza, the Wife of James Orr Marples, born July 27, 1829, departed this life May 18, 1880.

HEAR a Voice from Heaven, distinctly saying,
Blessed are they who die in Jesus' arms!
They rest in holy peace.—No dread alarms
Of coming sorrow round their spirits playing,
They hear, and join, the strains of saved ones, singing
The praise of Him who bought them with His blood!
Exhaustless source of every needed good,
I bow before Thee, with sad heart, but bringing
My grateful homage for one favour given—
The true, fond, loving gift Thou hast retaken.
May those who keenest mourn the tie thus riven
Believe Thy word of grace with faith unshaken,
Think of their dear one in the heavenly land,
And thus improve her death—their own may-hap at hand.

LIVERPOOL.

Suggested by the Death of Gladys, Infant Daughter of Henry and Alice Orr Lenton, who died Sept. 21st, 1880, Aged 8 months.

~~》,本人

EAR Babe, adieu! Thy short life's voyage ended

Ere yet the sails of thy frail skiff were trimmed,

Its rudder fixed, or gathering clouds bedimmed
Thy prospects fair. Now, bliss and wonder, blended,
Make up thy life, by angel guards attended!
O who would sorrow for a babe so blessed,

Or wish her back, e'en to her mother's breast, As though their purest joys on that depended?

Yet comes there from this tiny grave a voice,

Solemn as that which recently addressed us From a departed one's whose death distressed us:

- "Be holy themes and heavenly things your choice.
- "Whom the Lord loveth oft He chasteneth sore,
- "That they may dwell with Him in bliss for evermore."

September 23rd, 1880.

			•			1
1						
						\
						•
				•		1
						!
						•
-						
	•					
				_		
				•		
	*					
		•				``
		•				
			•			
			•			
					•	•
						•
					•	
		•				
	•					
	•					
	•					





